Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
Clowne. Tis he, God and Saint Stephen giue you good den, I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pigions heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away and hang him presently.
Clowne. How much money must I haue?
Tamora. Come sirra, you must be hanged.
Clowne. Hangd, be Lady then I haue brought vp a neck to a faire end.

Exit.

Satur. Dispightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same deuise proceedes:
May this be borne, as if his trayterous sonnes,
That dide by law formurther of our brother,
Haue by my meanes bene butchered wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priuiledge,
For this proud mocke Ile be thy slaughter man,
Sly franricke wretch, that holpst to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Saturn. What newes with thee *Emillius*?
Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power
Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle,
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*,
Who threats in course of this reuenge to doe

As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.
King Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes,
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
When I haue walked like a priuate man,
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tamora. Why should you feare, is not your Citty strong?
King. I but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me to succour him.
Tamora. *King*, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Euen so may est thou the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or honny stalkes to heepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious feede.
King. But he will not entreat his sonne for vs.
Tamor. If *Tamora* entreat him then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
Yet should both eare and hart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to be our Embassadour,
Say that the Emperour requests a parly